

# MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

IN

10¢



YOU PROMISED TO HELP ME BUT...IT'S TRUE, YOU ARE A WITCH-LET ME GO

DON'T BE AFRAID, THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. MY BREW WILL BRING YOU LUCK!!

TALES OF  
HORROR

STRANGEST TALES  
EVER HEARD



HEH, HEH, SO YOU'RE STILL HERE, EH, FIENDS? WELL YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU STUCK AROUND, FELLOW TERRORISTS! I'VE GOT A DELIGHTFULLY GRUESOME TALE OF HORROR TO CHILL YOU WITH! IT'S FILLED WITH MYSTERY AND ANCIENT JU-JUBE TORTURES... I CALL IT...

# THE DEATH HEAD!



HENRY JERREY, AN ATTRACTIVE MAN IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, WHISTLED AS HE DRESSED AND WHY NOT? IT WAS HIS WEDDING DAY.

LOOK, YOUR BEST, HENRY BOY. THIS IS IT, THE BIG DAY! GOOD-BYE TO DENTS AND POVERTY... FROM NOW ON, IT'S NOTHING BUT THE BEST FOR THIS BOY!



SO LONG TO CHEAP FURNISHED ROOMS. IN JUST TWO HOURS I'LL BE A WEALTHY MAN. MARRIED TO A TOBACCO QUEEN!



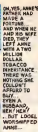


OUR "WEDD" WASN'T VERY ROMANTIC, IS HE? ALAS, SUCH IS THE FORTUNE OF MONEY. HEN, WHEN NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HENRY'S BUDE-TO-BE, ANNE LAYTON...



OH LOOL, THIS'LL BE THE BIGGEST WEDDING NEW ORLEANS HAS EVER SEEN! I WISH SOMMA AND POPPA HAD LIVED TO SEE IT! I KNOW THEY'D LOVE HENRY AS A SON-IN-LAW!

YOUR POPPA, SMART MAN... MAKES LOTS OF MONEY! IF HENRY MEET YOU, I USE JU-JU!



OH, YES, HARRY'S FATHER HAD MADE A FORTUNE... AND WHEN HE AND HIS WIFE DIED, THEY LEFT ANNE WITH A TWO MILLION DOLLAR TOBACCO INHERITANCE. THERE WAS NOTHING SHE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BUY... EVEN A HUSBAND, HEN! HEN! ... BUT LOOL WORSHIPPED ANNE...



IN RICHES, AND IN HEALTH, FOR SUCH OF FORTUNE, TELL ME, DO YOU PART?

I DO! ESPECIALLY FOR RICHES! - HA HA!

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED. AFTER THEIR HONEYMOON, THE WEDD-WEDS SETTLED IN ANNE'S PALATIAL ESTATE ON THE EDGE OF THE LOUISIANA BAYOU COUNTRY...



WILL THERE BE ANYTHING ELSE... MISS ANNE?

NO, LOOL, THAT WILL BE ALL!



THAT WOMAN SINGS ME THE CREEPS, SHE'S SO GARET, SHE'S SO GARET, LIKE A SNEAKY CAT!

YOU'RE WRONG, GARLING. THAT'S JUST LOOL'S MANNER. SHE'S BEEN WITH THE FAMILY FOR YEARS! HER MOTHER WAS THE WIFE OF AN AFRICAN TRIBAL LEADER IN THE CATHOLIC COUNTRY! LOOL WAS BROUGHT UP WITH THE TRIBE AND RAP BROUGHT HER HERE AS A YOUNG GIRL! SHE COULDN'T BE MORE LOYAL TO ME!



I THINK THIS LADY LIVING IS MAKING YOU DROUGHTY. COME ON, LET'S TAKE A FAST RIDE ON A COUPLE OF THE HORSES!

OKAY! I'LL BEER BACK YOU!



HURRY UP SLOW POKE, I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU OVER THE HEDGE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, LILY GEL! I'LL MAKE IT OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW WHAT PASSED YOU!



BUT HENRY WAS WRONG. ANNE REACHED THE HEDGE FIRST AND

SEE, I TOLD YOU I'D BEKKKK!

ANNE!

ANNE HIT THE GROUND WITH A SICKENING THUD.

M-MY BACK... OHN...  
M-MY BACK...

I'M COMING, ANNE.  
I'M COMING!

HENRY CARRIED HIS  
WIFE'S COMA-PULE  
BODY BACK TO THE  
HOUSE AND A DOC-  
TOR, WHO HAD RE-  
CENTLY SUMMONED...  
AS HE WAITED FOR  
THE DOCTOR'S  
VISIT...

M-MAYBE SHE'LL BE... MAYBE THAT  
WHOLE FORTUNE WILL COME TO ME...  
HE ALONE!

BUT WHEN THE DOCTOR WALKED OUT...

DOCTOR:  
IS SHE  
IS SHE  
NO, MR. JEFFREY, SHE'S NOT DEAD,  
BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD  
NEWS FOR YOU: YOUR WIFE  
HAS BEEN PARALYZED FROM  
THE WAIST DOWN! SHE'LL BE  
AN INVALID ALL THE REST  
OF HER LIFE!

POOR HENRY...  
ANNE'S PARALY-  
SIS TURNED HIM  
FROM A LADY  
PLAYBOY INTO  
A CONSTANT  
NURSE.

HENRY, GET ME MY GLASSES, WILL YOU. I  
CAN'T SEE TO READ WITHOUT THEM... AND  
BRING ME A BLANKET  
TOO, I'M CHILLY!

YES, DEAR!

AND SO IT WENT,  
MONTH IN AND  
MONTH OUT...

HENRY, TAKE THIS BACK  
TO THE KITCHEN  
AND TELL LOUIE TO MAKE  
IT HOTTER... I CAN'T  
DRINK COLD TEA!

HENRY, READ TO  
ME! MAYBE IT  
WILL HELP ME  
FALL ASLEEP!

HENRY BACK, HENRY. I DON'T  
WANT TO BE ALONE LONG. AND  
DON'T FORGET THAT NEW CROSS-  
WORD PUZZLE MAGAZINE I  
TOLD YOU TO GET!

HENRY THOUGHT HE WOULD GO CRAZY,  
UNTIL, WHILE IN TOWN ON AN ERRAND  
FOR ANNE, HE MET KITTY...

HEY, WHY  
DON'T YOU  
WATCH  
WHERE  
YOU'RE  
GOING?

OH, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. I WAS  
THINKING ABOUT SOMETHING  
ELSE... NOW ABOUT GIVING ME  
A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU THAT  
I'M NOT REALLY SUCH A  
BAD GUY? LUNCHEON, MAYBE?

AND THAT WAS  
HOW IT BEGAN.  
HENRY MET  
KITTY BURNETT  
EVERY TIME  
HE COULD GET  
AWAY FROM  
ANNE...

THIS IS THE THIRD  
NIGHT THIS WEEK  
YOU'VE GONE OUT,  
HENRY! I CAN'T  
DEAR, BEING  
ALONE / I  
WANT YOU.

DARLING, IT'S FOR YOU I'M  
GOING OUT / DR. HOWARD  
TOLD ME OF A SPECIALIST  
IN JAMESTOWN THAT MIGHT  
BE ABLE TO TREAT YOU! I'M  
DYING OVER THERE TONIGHT.  
DON'T WAIT UP, I'LL PROBABLY  
BE LATE!

KITTY BURNETT  
WAS NO "SPECIAL-  
IST" BUT SHE  
KNEW HOW TO  
TREAT HENRY  
HEN, HEN



I'M MAD ABOUT YOU, KITTY.  
MAD ABOUT YOU!



YOU DON'T ACT  
IT... YOU NEVER  
TAKE ME ANY-  
PLACE WICE  
IT'S LIKE YOU'RE  
AFRAID TO BE  
THIN WITH ME!



O-DON'T BE SILLY,  
DARLING... IT'S  
JUST THAT I  
LIKE TO HAVE  
YOU ALL TO  
MYSELF!

NO, HENRY  
NADHT  
TOLD KITTY  
HE WAS  
MARRIED  
HE WAS  
AFRAID  
OF LOSING  
HER!  
THAT  
NIGHT  
HE TOSSED  
RESTLESSLY,  
UNABLE  
TO SLEEP...

I CAN'T KEEP THIS PRETENSE  
UP MUCH LONGER. KITTY'S  
BOUND TO FIND OUT ON WHY  
DIDN'T ASK ME IN THAT  
ACCIDENT? EVERYTHING  
WOULD HAVE BEEN PERFECT.  
I'D HAVE THE MONEY  
AND KITTY!



B-BUT MAYBE ANOTHER  
"ACCIDENT" COULD BEFALL  
MY DEAR WIFE A  
SERIAL ACCIDENT? I'D BE  
FREE THEN... FREE!



HENRY SPENT THE REMAINDER OF THE  
NIGHT LAYING HIS PLANS... AND THE  
FOLLOWING MORNING...



AND THE  
SPECIALIST  
SAID HE  
COULDN'T DO  
ANYTHING,  
HENRY?

NO, DARLING, I'M AFRAID  
NOT! BUT DON'T LOOK  
SO SAD. I'VE GOT A  
SPECIAL TREAT FOR  
US TODAY!

A TREAT?  
WHAT IS  
IT, DEAR?

I THOUGHT YOU'VE BEEN IN DOORS  
TOO MUCH LATELY... SO I'D THOUGH!  
WE'D GO INTO THE BAYOU  
COUNTRY FOR A PICNIC...  
JUST YOU AND ME!

NO! NO!



WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN  
"NO, NO!"  
LOOSEL?

BAYOU SWAMP  
LAND PLACE.  
LAND OF VOODOO!  
- KEEP AWAY,  
BAD PLACE!

THAT'S NONSENSE  
JUST A SILLY NERVE  
SUPERSTITION! PACK  
US A LUNCH, LOOSEL.  
WE'RE GOING!



HENRY'S PLANS WERE TOO WELL CALCULATED TO BE UPSET BY THE OLD LADY'S WARNING...  
AND SO, TWO HOURS LATER...



AND NOW, MY DEAR, WE'LL GO FOR A SHORT WALK BEFORE LUNCH! BEAUTIFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?

YES, BUT THOSE CLOUDS OVERHEAD LOOK LIKE IT MAY RAIN, DEAR!

HENRY WAS SO INTENT UPON HIS PADDLING AND THE THOUGHT OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH THAT HE FAILED TO NOTICE THE QUICKLY DARKENING SKY AND OMINOUS THUNDER...

IT'S PERFECT. NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT JUST ANOTHER ACCIDENT! SHE QUICK BLOW AND INTO THE LAKE WITH HER.

OH, HENRY, LISTEN! IT'S THUNDERING! I'M JUST TERRIFIED OF THUNDER! AND IT'S SO DARK.



A MINUTE LATER, THE RAINS STARTED, AND THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE MIST OF A BAD STORM! ANNE WAS PANIC-STRAKEN...

W-WE'RE GOING TO BE DROWNED! DO SOMETHING, HENRY! DO SOMETHING!

FOR PETE'S SAKE, TAKE IT EASY. ARE YOU TRYING TO OVERTURN THE BOAT?



ANNE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN TRYING, BUT A MOMENT LATER...



WOLD STILL, YOU FOOL, YOU'RE

HELP, I... DEERKKK!

POOR ANNE, SHE WAS PARALYZED AND DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE IN THE RAGING WATERS... HER HUSBAND WAS NO HELP TO HER!

IT WASN'T MUCH OF A BATTLE. ANNE LOST TO THE WATER IN NO TIME... HENRY SAW HER HEAD DISAPPEAR JUST AS HE REACHED SHORE...

HENRY STARTED BACK TOWARD CIVILIZATION... BUT THE WIND AND RAIN HADN'T STOPPED AND HE FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE HIS WAY.



HENRY, HELP! (THE GULL) D-DROWNING! HELP! HELP!

I CAN'T REACH YOU ANNE...

I'LL SAVE MYSELF! I WANTED HER TO DIE... NOW SHE WILL!



WELL, THIS ISN'T THE WAY I PLANNED IT... BUT IT'S EVEN BETTER! SO LONG, MY BELOVED WIFE... I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOUR MILLIONS!



I WISH THIS AMBIT, RAIN WOULD STOP... AND IT'S GETTING DARKER, BY THE MINUTE! I CAN HARDLY SEE WHERE I'M GOING!

THE STORM CONTINUED WITH UNABATED FURY AS THE DARKNESS OF EVENING SETTLED OVER THE BAYOUB...

BUT THREE HOURS LATER...



DUCK! IT'S SO DARK, I CAN'T EVEN SEE THESE BARK BRUSHES! IT CAN'T BE TOO MUCH FURTHER NOW... I MUST BE GETTING NEAR THE EDGE.



T-THE LAKE! I'VE BEEN GOING IN A CIRCLE! / OH, GOOD LORD, I-I'M LOST!



YES, HENRY WAS LOST... AND AS THE REMEMBRANCE OF MEN LOST FOREVER IN THE BAYOU SWAMP CROSSED HIS MIND, HE GREW MORE PANIC AND PANIC STRUCK BY THE MINUTE...



I-L-LOST IN THESE SWAMPS... GOTTA GET OUT... C-CAN'T DIE NOW... CAN'T...

JUST WHEN IT SEEMED THAT HE WOULD FALL FROM EXHAUSTION AND TERROR, HENRY SAW A LIGHT...



A LIGHT! HELP! HELP! I'M OVER HERE! HELP!

OUT OF THE DARKNESS, FROM BEHIND THE LIGHT, LOOMED A TALL GHOST FIGURE...



LOOEL! YOU CAME OUT AFTER US! THANK THE LORD, YOU FOUND ME! M-MRS. JEFFREY WAS IN AN ACCIDENT SHE DROWNED!

YES, I KNOW, BUT FOLLOW ME! A FRIEND OF MINE HAS A CABIN NEARBY! YOU WILL SPEND THE NIGHT THERE!

HENRY WAS TOO RELIEVED AT BEING FOUND TO THINK IT STRANGE THAT LOOEL KNEW HIS NAME AND DIDN'T COMMENT ON ANNE'S DEATH... SHE LED HIM TO A BATTERED CABIN HIDDEN IN THE OVERGROWTH OF THE SWAMP...



SO YOU FOUND HIM, LOOEL? GOOD, BRING HIM IN!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, MISTER, BUT I SAID AM GLAD TO SEE YOU! I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK I WAS A DEAD DUCK IN THAT SWAMP!



MY NAME IS VEEJAR... I'VE LIVED IN THESE SWAMPS EVER SINCE I LEFT AFRICA MANY, MANY YEARS AGO HERE, HAVE SOME COFFEES, IT'S MY OWN SPECIAL BLEND!

THANKS! SO YOU LIVED IN AFRICA, EN? ALONG THE COAST OF INLAND?



I LIVED INLAND WITH THE J-PUKE NATIVES! I HAD THEIR DOCTOR FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS! I TAUGHT THEM ALL I KNOW... AND THEY TAUGHT ME ALL THEY KNOW!



SOUNDS INTERESTING... BUT WHAT COULD THEY TEACH YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW?

OH, I LEARNED MANY THINGS, MR. JEFFERY... SUCH AS HOW TO SHINK A HUMAN HEAD! THERE ARE TWO THAT I BROUGHT BACK WITH ME!



UGH! SOUNDS REMARKABLE TO ME! THIS IS REALLY STRONG COFFEE, IT'S MAKING ME RATHER SLEEPY!

THE NATIVES HAVE SOME INTERESTING MYNPS, MR. JEFFERY. FOR INSTANCE, A WIFE'S HEAD CANNOT BE SHUNKEN UNLESS HER HUSBAND'S HEAD IS ALSO SHUNKEN! THEY MUST NOT BE WATBLESS!



THIS CONVERSATION IS TOO GORY FOR ME. BEHINE, I'M GETTING SO TIRED I THINK I'LL TAKE A SHORT NAP!

I DON'T THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SLEEP JUST YET, MR. JEFFERY. I HAVE SOMETHING HERE I THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SEE.



A-ANNE! ANNE'S IN-HEAD! W-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I'M LEAVING, I YOU'VE CARED!

BUT AS HENRY STRUGGLED IN HIS CHAIR, HE FOUND HE WAS INCAPABLE OF MOVING SO MUCH AS A MUSCLE.



I-I CAN'T MOVE! NO, MR. JEFFERY, YOU CAN'T MOVE! THAT COFFEE YOU WERE DRINKING WAS A VERY SPECIAL BLEND. LOSEL MADE IT FOR YOU! LOSEL ALSO BROUGHT ME THIS VERY BEAUTIFUL HEAD!

AND NOW WE NEED YOUR HEAD, MR. JEFFERY. IT'S AN OLD "NATIVE" CUSTOM!



LOSEL! YOU CAN'T WANT TO SEE TO YOU CAN'T NO? NO? NO?

YOU KILL MISS ANNE... KILL YOU

HE STRUGGLED, SCREAMED AND PLEADED, BUT IT DID NO GOOD. LOSEL KEPT COMING NEARER AND NEARER...

NO, LOSEL! NO! PLEASE! PLEASE!



YOU DIE, MR. JEFFERY. DIE! WE MAKE PEAST!

POOR HENRY, OLD LOSEL CAUSED HIM A TERRIBLE HEADACHE! WHEN HE LET ANNE KNOW, HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE WAS HEADED FOR TROUBLE! HEN! HEN! HEN!



The End

GREETINGS, SHOULD I... YOUR HORRIBLE APPETITES STILL NOT FILLED? YOU'RE BLUTTONS FOR TERROR, DR. MEN, WELL HERE'S A GOOD ONE FOR YOU... IT'S A GORY LITTLE SAGA... ALL ABOUT LUNAR, LOVE AND DEATH? I'VE TAPPED IT...

# BLIND FURY



E - CONWAY! IT CAN'T BE YOU... YOU'RE DEAD!  
Y-YOU CAN'T OPERATE ON ME... I-YOU'RE A GHOST!  
NO! NO!

POOR DR. ADAMS... THE ANESTHETIC MUST HAVE MADE HIM DELIRIOUS. HE THINKS HE SEES DR. CONWAY!

HA HA! IF IT WERE TRUE... IT'D BE SOME OPERATION... PERFORMED BY A BLIND DEAD MAN!

COME WITH ME, DEAR READER, TO FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL, LET US MEET THE EMINENT DR. LUTHER ADAMS... CHIEF OF EYES AND EARLY



"MORNING, DR. ADAMS! BEAUTIFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?"

MORNING... MORNING!

I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED, MISS CARTER!

POOR DR. ADAMS... HE LOOKS TIRED... PROBABLY UP HALF THE NIGHT WITH A PATIENT!





YES, YEN, YEN, POOR DR. ADAMS... UP HALF THE NIGHT WITH A PATIENT... INSIDE HIS PRIVATE OFFICE, LUTHER STARTS THE DAY OFF WITH THE SAME "PATIENT"...

WHERE/WHAT A NIGHT... I MUST HAVE PASSED OUT IN THE CAR! I NEED A DRINK TO SETTLE MY NERVES!



AS THE FIERY LIQUOR PASSED DOWN HIS THROAT, THE WELL-KNOWN PHYSICIAN RELAXED... THAT'S RIGHT, LUTHER LOVED HIS LIQUOR!

AH, THAT'S BETTER... NOTHING LIKE A STIFF SHOT TO CLEAR MY HEAD!

AND SO, THE MORNING GOT UNDER WAY... A FEW HOURS LATER...

DR. ADAMS, I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED, BUT DR. CONWAY IS HERE, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO SEE HIM!

ALL RIGHT, MISS CARTER, SEND HIM IN.

I WONDER WHAT THE GREAT SURGEON OF FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL WANTS... THAT FROWN!



LUTHER ADAMS AND VICTOR CONWAY HAD KNOWN ONE ANOTHER FOR YEARS... THEY'D GONE THROUGH MEDICAL SCHOOL TOGETHER... EVEN INTERNEED AT THE SAME HOSPITAL... BUT THE NUMBER OF YEARS ONLY INCREASED CONWAY'S SUCCESS AND LUTHER'S DESIRE AND JEALOUSY OF VICTOR...



GOOD MORNING, VICTOR! NO, THANKS, NOW ABOUT A PRE-LUNCH DRINK?

LUTHER! I'VE GOT AN OPERATION SCHEDULED FOR THIS AFTERNOON... AND LIQUOR AND STEADY HANDS, DON'T GO TOGETHER!



BEING YOU DON'T WANT MY WHISKEY AND OBVIOUSLY DON'T LIKE TO WATCH ME ENJOYING IT, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, VICTOR?

I CAME TO SEE IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO DRIVE OUT TO THE MEDICAL ARTS BALL WITH LILY AND ME TONIGHT?



AH, YES... LILY, FINE! WE'LL PICK YOU UP ABOUT NINE... AND LUTHER, WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF THAT STUFF FOR AWHILE? YOU'VE BEEN HITTING THE BOTTLE PRETTY HEAVILY LATELY!



THAT SANCTIMONIOUS OLD WOMAN! I DON'T NEED HIS ADVICE... I CAN HANDLE MY LIQUOR LIKE A REAL MAN!





ALTHOUGH LUTHER'S ATTITUDE TOWARD VICTOR CONWAY WAS ONE OF DOLING, HIS THOUGHTS TOWARDS LILY CONWAY WERE FAR FROM UNPLEASANT. THAT NIGHT...



"YOU BEEN IN GOOD SPIRITS TONIGHT, LUTHER? SEE IF YOU CAN GET MY HUSBAND A LITTLE PEPPER!"

"WELL, IF I HAD SUCH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS MY WIFE, I'D FEEL LIKE A KING!"

"IT'S MY HEAD... I'VE HAD A SPLITTING HEADACHE ALL DAY!"

LATER, AT THE MEDICAL ARTS BALL...



"THEY NEVER PUT ENOUGH LIQUOR IN THIS PUNCH! LOOK AT VICTOR... THAT LITTLE NUNSKULL... HE DOESN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE SUCH A WOMAN AS LILY... SHE DESERVES A REAL MAN!"



"LUTHER, GIVE LILY A WHIRL, WILL YOU? I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN GET SOMETHING FOR MY HEAD!"

"IT'LL BE A PLEASURE, VICTOR... A REAL PLEASURE!"



"LUTHER, I WISH YOU'D TAKE A LOOK AT VICTOR TOMORROW AT THE HOSPITAL. I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM... HE'S BEEN HAVING THESE HEADACHES FOR WEEKS!"

"I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO LILY, BUT VICTOR'S A BAD DOCTOR WHEN IT COMES TO HIMSELF!"

LUTHER HAD NO INTENTION OF EXAMINING VICTOR, BUT THE NEXT DAY HE FOUND HE COULD NOT AVOID IT...



"LUTHER, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO YOU... ORIGINALLY I DON'T WORRY ABOUT MY HEALTH... BUT I'M AFRAID THESE HEADACHES MAY BE CAUSED BY MY EYES... AND TO A SURGEON, HIS EYES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HIS BODY! HOW ABOUT TAKING A LOOK AT THEM FOR ME?"

"SURE, VICTOR!"

HALF AN HOUR LATER...



"WHAT'S YOU THINK, LUTHER?"

"LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNINGS OF A CATARACT, VICTOR! IT'S STILL QUITE SMALL, BUT I SUGGEST YOU HAVE SURGERY BEFORE IT GETS ANY LARGER AND BEGINS TO AFFECT YOUR SIGHT!"



"WHEN THAT'S A RELIEF! I WAS AFRAID IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING SERIOUS... I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF I LOST MY SIGHT, LUTHER! I'D FEEL UTTERLY USELESS... HELPLESS!"

"NOTHING LIKE THAT WOULD EVER HAPPEN TO YOU, VICTOR... YOU'RE TOO LUCKY! C'MON, HAVE A DRINK!"

VICTOR WAS HOSPITALIZED, AND DR HARRY WEDGMAN WAS SUMMONED FROM BALTIMORE TO REMOVE THE CATARACT FROM VICTOR'S EYES!

IT SEEMS BILLY TO GET WEDGMAN ALL THE WAY DOWN FROM BALTIMORE! IT'S SUCH A SIMPLE OPERATION!

SARLINS, YOU'RE FAR TOO IMPORTANT A SURGEON TO TAKE ANY CHANCES! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST SURGEON WE CAN GET!



BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL GO BACK TO SLEEP, VICTOR! WEDGMAN JUST PHONED... HIS FLIGHT WAS CANCELLED, BAD WEATHER IN BALTIMORE. HE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT TOMORROW!

I CAN'T STAND BEING COOPED UP HERE ANOTHER DAY, LUTHER! LOOK, WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS... GO ME A FAVOR... YOU PERFORM THE OPERATION!



FOR A MOMENT LUTHER WAS STUNNED...

DON'T BE BILLY, LUTHER! YOU WEDGMAN MADE CHIEF OF STAFF FOR NOTHING... YOU USED TO BE A TERRIFIC SURGEON... YOU'LL BE DOING ME A FAVOR!

WELL... ER... I DON'T KNOW, VICTOR! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE DONE ANY SURGERY! SORRY!



AND SO, LUTHER ACCEPTED! THE OPERATION WAS SCHEDULED FOR AN HOUR LATER... AND AS VICTOR WAS PREPARED FOR SURGERY, SO WAS LUTHER. NEXT! NEXT!



A HORROR -- HIS OWN MATE, WHISPERED DON'T DO IT, DOCTOR... BUT THE DOCTOR DIDN'T LISTEN...

THEY'RE WAITING! I'M FOR YOU IN SURGERY, DOCTOR!

I'M COMING! I'M COMING!

GOT TO GET AHEAD OF MYSELF... GOT TO!



VICTOR'S JUST TOLD ME ABOUT WEDGMAN, LUTHER! I'M GLAD YOU'RE THE MAN TAKING HIS PLACE! I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYONE ELSE!

WHY DOES HE LOOK AT ME THAT WAY, D-- DOES HE SMELL THE LIQUOR ON MY BREATH?



BUT THERE WAS NO TIME LEFT FOR QUESTIONS... TIME WAS ALREADY RUNNING OUT, AS LUTHER TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE OPERATING ROOM...

EVERYTHING'S ALL READY, DR. ADAMS! THE PATIENT'S UNDER ANESTHETIC NOW!

ALL RIGHT... H-HANDS ARE S-SHAKING... MAYBE I SHOULD NOT HAVE HAD THAT LAST DRINK!



AND SO THE OPERATION BEGAN. LUTHER'S NERVES WERE TORN BY CONFLICTING EMOTIONS... HIS JEALOUSY OF VICTOR, HIS PRIDE AS A SURGEON... AND HIS INTEREST IN LILY. BEHIND HIS RAN NERVES, THE ALCOHOL HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL IN SLOW REACTIONS, UNSTEADY HANDS AND FEAR...



S...STEADY...GOT TO GET A HOLD OF MYSELF... IF ONLY I HAD A DRINK...

CLAMPS, DOCTOR!



THE OPERATION PROCEEDED AT A SNAIL'S PACE, BUT EVEN SO, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL...

CAREFUL, DR. ADAMS, YOUR HANDS ARE TREASING

QUIET, NURSE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

OH, NO! NO! I SLEPPED!



SOMEHOW HE MANAGED TO FINISH... BUT AS HE SAT IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE LATER, LUTHER KNEW WHAT THE RESULTS OF THE OPERATION WOULD BE...

BLIND! HE'LL BE BLIND... I'LL BE RUINED, I'M SURE HE SMELLED THE WHISKY... I'LL BE DISGRACED... I'LL TELL EVERYBODY THE CATARACT WAS MALIGNANT -- UNCURABLE!



L-LILY, I-IT...

DON'T SAY ANYTHING, LUTHER (SOS) IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'M-- WE ALL KNOW IT WAS A MALIGNANT CATARACT. NO ONE BLAMES YOU (SOS) N--NOT EVEN VICTOR... IT'S ALL RIGHT!



WHEN THE FEAR OF DISGRACE AND PERSONAL RUIN WAS REMOVED, LUTHER FELT MUCH BETTER. WHEN HE WENT TO SEE VICTOR...



TRY TO BUCK UP, OLD MAN! EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT... THERE'LL BE LOTS OF OTHER THINGS YOU CAN DO! BEING A SURGEON ISN'T THE ONLY PROFESSION IN THE WORLD!

FOR ME, IT'S THE ONLY ONE, LUTHER. MY LIFE IS OVER!



LUTHER PAID SCANT ATTENTION TO VICTOR'S WORDS AS HE LEFT THE HOSPITAL. BUT THAT NIGHT, DR. VICTOR COMEAT LEAPED FROM HIS HOSPITAL WINDOW! DEPRESSION OVER THE LOSS OF HIS SIGHT WAS BLAMED FOR HIS DEATH!

GOOD BY LILY-- IT'S THE ONLY WAY!



SURGEON-VICTOR COMMITTED  
MURDER! - IT'S ALL MY FAULT!  
I BUTCHERED THAT OPERATOR...  
GOTTA HAVE A DRINK!



WHATEVER QUALITY OF  
GUILT LUTHER FELT, THEY  
QUICKLY DISAPPEARED AS  
HE REALIZED THAT WITH  
VICTOR GONE, LILY WAS ALONE.

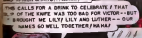


ASHES TO YOU'VE GOT GOOD  
ASHES... TO BE BY, VICTOR!  
LILY I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF YOU!

I'M DISOBTAINING HIS SURGICAL GOWN  
AND INSTRUMENTS BURNED WITH HIM...  
HE'D HAVE WANTED IT THAT WAY! THEY  
WERE HIS SPECIAL, (SOUND) PAGE... HE  
ALWAYS USED THEM TO  
OPERATE!



LUTHER TOOK LILY HOME AFTER THE FUNERAL...  
AND AS HE DROVE AWAY FROM THE CONWAY HOME, HE  
WAS IN HIGH SPIRITS... AGAIN!



LUTHER HAD A FEW MORE DROPS TO GULP-  
HATE... SO MANY MORE, IN FACT, THAT HE  
FAILED TO SEE THE HEAVY TRUCK AS HE ROUND-  
ED THE CURVE.



AN AMBULANCE SCREAMED ITS  
WAY TO FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL  
SHORTLY AFTER, CARRYING  
LUTHER'S MANGLED BODY...



AND IN THE EMERGENCY  
WARD MINUTES LATER...



CONCUSSION, ALL RIGHT!  
IF WE DON'T GET THAT  
PRESSURE AWAY FROM HIS  
BRAIN, HE'LL DIE! BUT WHO  
WILL OPERATE?

WE'LL  
CALL ANY SUR-G-  
GON-PHYSICIAN PRE-  
PARE DR. ADAMS  
FOR SURGERY!

BACK IN THE CEMETERY OF CONWAY  
SEEMED TO KNOW A SURGEON WAS  
NEEDED, AND IN HIS GRAVE HE  
STORMED, ROSE, AND WALKED TOWARD  
THE HOSPITAL.



IT'S DR. ADAMS.  
ALL RIGHT! HE'S  
IN BAD SHAPE!

YEAH, THAT  
WAS SOME  
SMASH-UP!

VICTOR  
CONWAY

LUTHER CAME OUT OF HIS UNCONSCIOUSNESS AS THEY WHEELED HIM INTO THE OPERATING ROOM... THE SAME ROOM WHERE HE HAD OPERATED ON VICTOR... BUT LUTHER COULDN'T MOVE OR TALK...



TAKE IT EASY, DR. ADAMS... EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY! DR. WATTS IS GOING TO DO THE SURGERY! HE'S A VISITING SURGEON -- LUCKY HE'S IN TOWN!

THE EFFECTS OF THE ACCIDENT, COUPLED WITH THE LIQUOR STILL IN HIS BODY, SENT LO BRANN REELING... ONLY ONE WORD SEEMED TO PENETRATE, "SURGERY," "SURGERY!"



HERE COMES DR. WATTS NOW!

SURGERY... VICTOR... I NEED A DRINK... SPEND

AND THEN THE SURGEON TOOK HIS PLACE... AS LUTHER LOOKED UP HE SAW...



VICTORY--YOU! IT CAN'T BE... YOU'RE DEAD! NO! YOU'RE DEAD... DEAD...



SCALPEL... NO! DON'T NURSE!

COME NEAR ME... YOU'RE

POOR DR. ADAMS... THE

SURGERY YOU CAN'T SEE...

YOU'LL BUTCHER ME... NO VICTOR, NO!

THE ACCIDENT MUST HAVE AFFECTED HIS BRAIN!

POOR LUTHER... HE SCREAMED BUT NO ONE LISTENED... AND AS THE MASK OF FEAR SETTLED ON HIS FACE, LUTHER KNEW HE HAD NEVER BEFORE...



STOP HIM... IT'S VICTOR... HE'S GOING TO KILL... ME... I

LUTHER WAS RIGHT... FOR MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER "ACCIDENT" OCCURRED IN THE OPERATING ROOM OF FAIRVIEW HOSPITAL...



HI--HE SLIPPED! OH, I--IT'S HORRIBLE!

HI--HE BRAIN HAS BEEN SEVERED... HE'S DEAD...

IN THE CONFUSION WHICH FOLLOWED, NO ONE NOTICED THE "SURGEON" SLIP QUIETLY AWAY UNTIL...

DR. WATTS IS -- BUT YOU WERE HERE... YOU... THEN WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION?



SORRY TO HAVE BEEN DELAYED, BUT I'M READY TO START NOW! IN DR. ADAMS' UNDER ANESTHETIC? I

I-I... THIS WAS THE SCALPEL HE OPERATED WITH...



LOOK... THE INITIALS, "V.C." BUT IT CAN'T BE! THE SCALPEL WAS BURIED WITH DR. CONWAY!

POOR DR. WATTS... HE WAS IN A BLIND FOG... AND LUTHER? HE WAS IN AN AWFULLY NERVOUS CONDITION! NO ONE EVER KNEW WHO PERFORMED THE OPERATION! THEY ONLY WONDERED, BUT YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU? THE END



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# HORROR OF THE DROWNED

By ELLEN LYNN

THE news of Tom's death came to Arlene as a terrible shock.

I loved my niece Arlene as a daughter and tried to take her mother's place when my sister Grace died; I was with Arlene when the tragic news about Tom reached her.

When Arlene fell in love with Tom Bradley she was only sixteen, but she gave her whole romantic heart to the quiet, handsome young man the moment she met him—and he knew he had become equally smitten with her. Their love was a beautiful thing to see—a charming idyll. And I felt sure my dead sister would have been pleased with Arlene's choice of a husband. But, perhaps because she was so very young and romantic, Arlene's love was so intense it worried me. She seemed only to live for the moment when she could be with Tom, and everything else became subordinate to their meetings. Just because she sensed my worry, she grew pale and thin, and I was deciding in my own mind that an early marriage might restore the normal balance of her life. Then Tom came with the news that he was to leave almost at once for—KOREA—with his regiment.

For Tom's sake Arlene knew she had to take this blow calmly; she did not even suggest that they be married before Tom left for Korea. When they said goodbye she was pale and her eyes were red-rimmed, but no tears were shed. Only a soft promise from Tom that he would come back soon and claim his bride.

She waited for Tom's letters as she had previously waited for him. She retreated into herself living only for Tom's return and finally I took her away to my little place in the country where I thought she might better adjust herself to Tom's absence. The long quiet lake on which my house was situated proved a strong attraction for her and every possible day she was out in her canoe or small outboard motorboat, mostly thinking of Tom.

Then the day arrived when the fatal telegram about Tom reached her. His boat had been hit and he had been drowned while they were trying to make a landing near Seoul. I'll never forget how Arlene looked reading that wire. She was very still—then she looked up at me, wild-eyed, frightened, the sheet fluttering from her fingers. A pining, shrill scream came from her lips, and she rushed from the house. I started after her but could not catch up with that fleet-footed creature

as she sped down to the lake front and got into the small motorboat floating at the little pier. Quickly she got the motor started and the chug-chug-chug faded into the distance as she rounded a bend.

I was terrified of what she might do and phoned a few neighbors around the lake to keep an eye out for Arlene. I told them the tragic news about Tom's drowning and they understood my anxiety for Arlene.

But toward dusk I could hear the chug-chug-chug once more and rushed out to the terrace to see my niece pulling the boat beside our dock. She walked up to the house slowly but soon I could see she had quieted down. I took her in my arms and kissed her with relief.

The next few days Arlene behaved very well. In fact after her daily boat ride she'd return in rather cheerful spirits—for her. I knew that somehow she felt closer to Tom, alone on that silent lake.

Then one day she came running up from the lake, breathless, eyes shining. "Oh, Aunt Betty—Aunt Betty! I've seen him! I've seen Tom!"

My heart stopped beating. Had her mind snapped? My poor, poor, little girl "But, darling," I soothed, "how could you? Poor Tom's body is still in Korea . . ."

"No—no! He's on the bottom of the lake—over in the cove. I saw him, I saw him. He was smiling at me with that crooked little smile I love so much . . ."

I was heavy-hearted but I tried to divert Arlene as well as I could and one day I suggested we drive over to the state's fine, if small, art gallery where a loan collection was being shown, donated by local townsfolk. Arlene agreed and I was delighted that she would be willing to do anything that would take her "out of herself."

At the gallery I found the borrowed collection fascinating but Arlene wandered about by herself. Finally, just as I wished, I found her staring intently at the oil which I had donated to the exhibit. The artist, Sloan Partridge, was not first rate—but in this particular work he had risen to unexpected heights of talent and it had actually won the coveted Beardsley Award. The subject was somewhat poetic and nebulous—an exquisite girl with alabaster face and enormous black eyes, flowing black hair, was floating gracefully in the arms of a creature half-man, half sea nymph; he seemed to be drawing her down,

down through the jade green waters. Both of them wore enigmatic smiles of great tenderness. There was a disturbing, haunting quality in the picture which had brought Fernsday unexpected acclaim.

"Aunt—Aunt Betty. Tell me about this painting, please," Arlene asked, not taking her eyes away from it.

Then suddenly it dawned on me that Arlene may have heard some time the story of the picture and was transferring it to her own experience. Perhaps if I told her the legend behind it she'd realize what a fantasy she was building up in her mind about Tom.

"Had you never heard the story of your great-great-great Aunt Annalee?" I asked her. "The artist of this picture, Sloan Fernsday, had been in love with her and after her tragedy, he was inspired to paint this picture."

"I don't remember," Arlene answered, her eyes still glued to the canvas. "Tell me about it, Aunt Betty!" And this time her words were almost a command. A feeling of helplessness came over me and I proceeded to tell her the story.

"When our ancestor, Annalee, was a young girl she was betrothed to Sloan Fernsday. Our house was the very house in which she lived and he lived with his family a short distance away. He had always been in love with her but she kept putting off a date of marriage. One day she came crying to her mother—that she would never marry Sloan, that she loved another man. She looked dreamily into her mother's eyes saying, 'Mother, you'll think me mad—but there's a beautiful man—at the bottom—of our lake. He's the most handsome creature I've ever seen and I love him with all my heart. He speaks to me and I know he loves me, too.' Her mother did indeed think her mad and tried to keep her protected from the world, hoping no one would find out. But some of the villagers in town had found out about Annalee's visions at the bottom of the lake. A strange fever spread in the community. People began to accuse Annalee of being a witch. A number of sudden tragedies, inexplicable, hit hard in the Maine village. With no previous illness, a baby suddenly screamed in the night and the next morning died. Cows and sheep were barren—without apparent cause! Fires started up out of nowhere. The superstitious townsfolk became panicky and looked for a scapegoat on which to pin all these terrible incidents. It was the age of witches. Rumor having gotten around about Annalee and her man at the bottom of the lake, the cry of *Witch! Witch!* began to be heard. Annalee's poor mother trembled for the safety of her daughter and one day a furious crowd, inflamed by a new onset of tragic occurrences,

came to this house and tore Annalee from her mother's arms. They tried her. She protested her own innocence, the poor girl begged them to go see for themselves that the man she loved who was at the bottom of the lake, but paying no attention to the ravings of a sick girl they tied her to a stake in the village and threw faggots around the base. Matches were struck and a crackling fire started to roar upward when suddenly a silence fell on the angry crowd and Annalee's lips parted in a joyful smile. A handsome young man, his green silk clothes dripping water, came through as the people, horrified, stepped aside. He loosened the cords binding Annalee, put out the fire with the constantly streaming water and carried the lovely, smiling girl away. Some who had followed them said he walked straight into the lake with Annalee in his arms—until they both disappeared under the water.

"So, dear Arlene," I ended the tale, "that's the fairy-tale legend of our ancestor, which they say, inspired her lover's great-grandson, Sloan Fernsday, to paint this charming poem in oils."

Arlene had listened to the whole story intently. Obviously just as I intended, she was thinking about the strange similarity between her vision—seeing Tom at the bottom of the lake—and that of our ancestor Annalee. I was sure that her mother, or someone, had told her the same legend, perhaps in her childhood, and by some quirk of the mind she imagined seeing Tom in the same way. I had hoped the story would cure her. I found it difficult to tear her away from her preoccupation with the picture. Something else must be done, I decided. We'll go back to the city and see if a psychiatrist can unravel the strange knots in my niece's mind. When I told her we were leaving, I saw her tremble violently.

When the packing was finished I looked about for Arlene, ready to start back to the city. My hand leaped to my mouth in an impulse of fear as I saw her in her hat and coat running wildly down to the boat, saying, "I am coming, Tom." I let out a scream, calling her to come back—but she got in the boat. Just as it was rounding the bend, I saw—I saw—my niece stand up—wave back at me and jump. Her body was not recovered.

The next morning, grieving and wretched, I walked down to the dock to gaze into the watery grave Arlene had chosen when I saw something, bright-colored, drifting in toward me. It was a scarf. Fascinated, I picked up a long twig and pulled it in. I gasped when I recognized the scarf. It was the one Arlene had given Tom before he sailed for Korea!

BECAUSE ON THE EAST SIDE DEATH IS EVERYTHING. TIMES OF HORROR ARE  
 OF WARRE ACCOUNTS. ACCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS. TAKE THE FIGHTING OF THE FIGHT  
 TO ONE UNBELIEVABLE ACCIDENT--AN ACCIDENT OF THE WAR THAT HAS BEEN TOLD AND  
 RETOLD IN MANY A FORM AND SUBTLENESS OF VOICES AND IS STRANGE AS ANY  
 THAT HAS COME OUT OF THAT STICKEN LAND 7 YEARS ON.

# THE GUN THAT FOUGHT BACK



BEFORE THE SARGE WAS TELLING A STORY  
 "YES--THAT WAS ONE HEAVY, HORRIBLE ARMY!  
 I'VE NEVER FORGET IT. BUT--THAT'S ENOUGH  
 GAS FOR NOW--"



"SO I TOLD THOSE TRAINERS  
THE AMBITIOUS STORY OF  
THE GUN THAT FOUGHT BACK."

IT ALL STARTED ON THE THIRD  
DAY OF THE CHUNG KUN PUSH!  
WE WERE MOVING UP TO THE  
28TH PARALLEL--



"THE FIRST THING I NOTICED  
WAS HIS CARE OF HIS GUN--"



YEAH--YOU KEEP  
YOUR RIFLE!  
TAKE A MACHINE  
GUN ANY  
OL' TIME--

S.A.S.  
BOY  
ENT

LISTEN!  
UP THERE!  
I CAN  
HEAR  
GUNS--



SURE, SURE,  
WHY NOT?  
THIS IS  
A WAR  
BENT IT!

"IT WAS THAT DAY I FIRST  
MET SERGEANT GARR--NICE  
KID--A REPLACEMENT--"

HEY, GARR,  
I'VE GOT  
COMPANY!



IF IT ISN'T I'M  
AWOL, BUT I'D  
LIKE A  
PIECE OF  
MUD AND  
BT DOWN--



YES,  
SURE--  
RUTH  
IS  
A  
REAL  
PERFECT  
WEAPON!



YIPES!  
LISTEN  
TO THE  
CHARACTER!

RUTH!



WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH  
NAMING  
MY GUN  
GOTTA CALL  
SOMETHING.  
SOMETHING  
GOTTA GOT AN  
UNDERSTANDING--

UH-OH--A  
CRACK-BOY!  
BETTER KEEP  
MY EYE ON  
THE KID--  
LET'S  
GO!

UP AND AT 'EM!  
ON YOUR  
FEET--

"WEARY AND AFTER WEARY WINE WE MARCHED--EVER CLOSER TO THE FRONT  
AND THE EVER GROWING ARMS OF DEATH! SUDDENLY--"



LOOK OUT!  
REDS!

SCREEEEEE

HIT THE  
DIRT!  
BURN!  
JETS!

EEEEEE

# SCREEEEEEEE



"THEN, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED, IT WAS ALL OVER..."

OH!AT GUN!!

CORREMAN! THAT NEW STRETCHER--

NOW WHERE THE DEVL'S THAT NEW MAN?

FRED-- HEY FRED!



SARGE!  
HERE I AM, ALL O.K.



NOW WHATCHA GOING TO DO WITH A GUY LIKE THAT? THINKS MORE OF HIS GUN AND KEEPING IT CLEAN THAN HE DOES OF HIS OWN SKIN--



MUDDY, COLD, DREDD, FOOT-SCRE, HE RUSHED ON NORTHWARD, NIGHT FELL--

HEY, SARGE! WE GOING TO WALK ALL NIGHT?

ALL NIGHT--ALL DAY TOMORROW-- IF WE HAVE TO, WE'RE NEEDED AT CHINA WEN-- NEEDED NOW--



"SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT..."

ALL RIGHT, MEN, TAKE TEN--

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, AREN'T WE SARGE? THEN, MY ASS! COMBAT!

TAKE IT EASY-- YOU'LL SEE YOUR SHARE SOON ENOUGH--

"NOW RIGHT I WAS, AT THAT VERY INSTANT A SPOOK PATROL LAUNCHED A SURPRISE ATTACK--"



COVER UP!  
BLAST THE  
YELLOW  
POSS--

"AND THEN--I SAW FRED AND RUTH, HIS GUN IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME--HE MANAGED THAT GUN LIKE IT WAS PART OF HIM--LIKE A SWEET-PAART--"



EEYOW!  
--COME AND GET IT  
YOU RED-BELLIED DOGS!  
LITTLE RUTH AND I  
LOVE COMPANY!



LET'S GO! IF  
THEY WON'T  
COME TO US,  
LET'S GO  
TO THEM!  
EEYOW!

"SUDDENLY THE NIGHT WAS STILL  
THE REMAINING RED GOONS  
DIDN'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO  
MAKE OF THIS MAD MAN AND  
HIS BLAZING WEAPON! BUT--  
THEY QUICKLY MADE UP THEIR  
MINDS--THEY--"



HOW BOUT THIS? THESE  
YELLOW DEVILS WANT NO  
PART OF RUTH--

"AND THEN WE PUSHED ON  
TO CHUNG RUN--"



SUN  
COMING  
UP--  
MORNING  
SOON--

COME ON--DON'T  
CHANGE THE  
SUBJECT, WHAT'S  
WITH YOU AND  
THIS GUN  
OF YOURS!



NOTHING--AND EVERY-  
THING, FROM THE MINUTE  
I WAS ISSUED THIS  
GUN, AT KERPUS, OEPPE,  
I'VE LOVED IT, I FELT  
IT WAS MINE--  
THAT SOMEHOW, IN  
SOME WAY, THERE IS  
A BOND BETWEEN  
US--NOT JUST AN  
ORDINARY ENTRY  
ON AN  
EQUIPMENT  
RECORD--



YEAH--I SORTA  
GET WHAT  
YOU MEAN--

I WERE A TEAM, RUTH  
AND I--THIS GUN  
NEEDS ME JUST LIKE  
I NEED IT--

"HE WALKED ON IN SILENCE THEN, FRED WAS A  
STRANGE MAN--BUT, HOWEVER, TO SEEN HIM  
IN ACTION WITH THAT PRECIOUS GUN OF HIS--THEN--"

"LATE THAT AFTERNOON WE MOVED INTO GUND RUN--"

"WELL ARE THE REFUGES HERE--"  
"GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US. WE EXPECT A FULL SCALE ALL-OUT RED ATTACK--SOME THIS TONIGHT--"

"SO NOW WE KNOW AN ALL-OUT ATTACK, IN WELL, THAT'S CERTAIN. THE QUICK WAY TO SORT THE MEN FROM THE BOMBS--"

"OH--LADY! YOUR VOICE TO NEED EVERY NO--"

"SO STARTED THE NIGHT THAT I'LL NEVER FORGET--"

"NOW YOU DOING, KID?"  
"OH, BUT RUTH AND I WISH THEY'D GET THIS SNOW ON THE ROAD. WE'RE GETTING IMBENT--"

"AN HOUR PASSED. ANOTHER. ALL WAS QUIET BUT STILL THERE WAS AN ELECTRIC TENSION ALL ABOUT US--ATTACK COMING--BOMBS COMING--"

"ALMOST WONT--"  
"WELL--I'LL BET THERE'S NO ATTACK TONIGHT--"  
"YEAH--LET'S GET SOME SHUT-EYE--"

"I FEEL OK. TRYED, BUT TOO EXCITED TO BE SLEEPY--"  
"GOOD BOY--EVERYONE'S DOING OK. TO SLEEP WE GOTTA CRAWL DOWN TO THAT LOGS BELOW AND SET UP AN ADVANCE POINT. LET'S DO IT WHILE IT'S DARK."

"DON'T THINK OUR LITTLE COMRADES FRIENDS WILL BE EXPECTING US--"  
"I SURE DO. THANK YOU FOR GIVING RUTH AND ME THE CHANCE--"

"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A GUY LIKE THAT? CRAZY, BUT CRAZY IN A WAY A GUYA GUYS WOULD BE PROUD TO BE CRAZY--"

"SHUT UP! I HEARD SOMETHING--"



"SUDDENLY---SCREAMING LIKE WOUNDED BARNHENS, THE REDS ATTACKED! WAH! ON WAVE OF PANATICAL COMMUNISTS--"



"THAT GUN OF REDS BRT FIRE! THOSE REDS WENT HURTUNG BACK--AND THEN, IT HAPPENED---BOOM! NEAR! BOOM!"



"WHEN HOW, I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT SOME- HOW, I MANAGED TO STAMPER BACK TO THE SAFETY OF OUR LINE, CARRYING THE LUMP, BLOODY, BLOOD OF REDS---BUT WITHOUT THE GUN--"



"HELP--GIVE A HAND HERE! I AND MY REDS-- THE REDS ARE COMING--"

"OH--MY GUN-- WHERE'S MY GUN? OH--MY GUN--"

"A COUPLE OF HEN BROUGHT BACK THE GUN, THEY WOUNDED REDS--BUT NO USE-- THAT GUN WOULDN'T FIRE--"



"THAT GUN WILL ONLY SHOOT FOR REDS, NO USE TRYING TO FIX IT--"

"IT'S GOTTA WORK!"

"THEN THE MEDIC SAID"



"POOR FRED-- HE'S DEAD"

"AND THEN CAME THE RED ONSLAUGHT--"



"ONE MACHINE GUN WOULD STOP THEM!"

"THE G.I.'S KNEW THAT WITHOUT A MACHINE GUN THEY WOULD BE SLAUGHTERED"

"SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARK, REDS-- THAT DEAD GUY FRED ARDSE AND SLOWLY HE WALKED FIFTY FEET TO THAT DISABLED GUN. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO TOUCH IT-- JUST LOOKED AT IT AND TALKED TO IT--"





NO ONE TOUCHED IT, BUT  
THAT GUN OF RED'S SHOT  
PERSON!



IIIEEE

"THAT RED HAVES SHOT YES!  
THE CHARGE WAS BROKEN, BY  
THE TIME THEY COULD REFORM  
FOR ANOTHER, HE HAD RE-  
INFORCEMENTS--AND MORE  
MACHINE GUNS--"



"BUT HE SAW THAT  
HE SAID 'E  
HE HAD HIS GUN--"

UNBELIEVABLE--  
BUT--IT HAPPENED.  
NO HUMAN  
BEING COULD  
HAVE SAID  
THAT BARE--

"THAT GUN WOULDN'T FIRE AGAIN, THEY TRIED  
TO DO IT, BUT IN THE END THEY JUST BURNED  
IT DOWN!"



"THAT'S ALL  
RELAX, YOU CAN  
BELIEVE IT OR NOT--  
BUT A DEAD  
MAN'S GUN FOUGHT ON,  
INDIVIDUALLY--I DO.  
I WAS THERE--"

**WELL?**

WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?

# TERROR OF THE SPEEDY GOAT!



BERT ANDREWS, FAMOUS LEADER OF SAFARIS, COULD SCALE THE TREACHEROUS MOUNTAINS OF KALAN, BUT ONLY THE GOATS COULD SCALE THE CRABS OF MT. TECHETAN. A GOAT'S LEGS, WHITE, MUSCULAR, CAN CLIMB TO A NARROW, ROCKY LEDGE, LEAP SWIFTLY FROM PERCH TO PRECARIOUS PERCH. AND NOW, HIS OWN LEGS WERE TURNING INTO GOAT'S LEGS! NOW, HE, TOO, COULD SCALE MT. TECHETAN! THE GOAT GOD OF THE PALAD TRIBE HAD A STRANGE, WEIRD POWER. AND HE HAD THOUGHT IT A MERE SOUVENIR - A STUFFED REPLICA...YOU SEE, BERT DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS A WOO-DOD GOD!

NEVER BEFORE HAD A SAFARI LED BY THE SPEEDY MANUEL TOMES BEEN SO LATE IN RETURNING AFTER DAYS OF IMPATIENT ANXIETY. MR. SPENCE, IN CHARGE OF THE MEXICAN OFFICE OF THE BESS DAIR ENTERPRISES, RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL FROM A DISTANT HOSPITAL.

MR. SPENCE, I HAD A BAD FALL!

...YOU SHOULD'VE CALLED SOONER, MANUEL. I'LL SEND FOR THE HERBS AT ONCE -- AND WE'LL MAKE BERT ANDREWS THE NEW CHIEF GUIDE!



B - BUT, MR. SPENCE, MY JOB! COULDN'T YOU WAIT FOR ME...

YOU KNOW CALLA HERBS CAN'T WAIT!



MANUEL WAS PROUD OF HIS SUCCESS -- PROUD OF HIS JOB -- AND NOW THAT HE WAS INJURED, HE HAD BE FINED!

MANUEL WAS SHOCKED TO LEARN THAT HE WAS BEING REPLACED... AND AFTER ALL HE HAD DONE FOR THE COMPANY! INSURED HIS LIFE... BROUGHT BACK RARE HERBS FROM IMPOSSIBLE PLACES!

THE GRATITUDE OF THE AMERICANS--BAM! A HUMAN BEING MEANS NOTHING! ONLY THOSE HERBS... TO GROW RICH!



BITTERLY, MANUEL'S THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO TWO WEEKS AGO NOW THEY PRASED HIM, FARMED OVER HIM THEN!

GOOD WORK, MANUEL! THAT WAS QUITE A PAIR OF HERBS-- AND YOU BEAT YOUR OWN TIME RECORD!



THANKS, MR. SPENCE!

AS LONG AS THEY NEEDED HIM, THOUGHT MANUEL, THEY'D EVEN DANCE WITH HIM!

...HOW SOON CAN YOU GO OUT AGAIN, MANUEL? WE NEED MORE OF THAT HERB URGENTLY!



A BATH... A NIGHT'S SLEEP ARE ALL I NEED, MR. SPENCE! I CAN LEAVE TOMORROW!

THE NEXT DAY NOW THEY ADMIRER HIS STRONG, STRAIGHT LEGS... EVEN THE PRETTY LITA WANTED HIM!



WHAT MARVELOUS LEGS! NO ONE COULD BEAT HIS TIME!

COME BACK TO ME SOON!

THE LITTLE TOWN WORSHIPPED SPEED, BECAUSE THE FRAGILE GALA HERB CAME FROM STEEP UN-TRACKED CREEKS AND WHEN FOUND WOULD NOT LAST LONG... IT BROUGHT WEALTH TO THE TOWN...



BE FAST, MY DARLING!

WHAT A POOL I WAS ON MY LAST TRIP, THOUGHT MANUEL, THINKING OF MR. SPENCE... RISKING MY LIFE...



BOYS! MANUEL! ENOUGH HERBS! TOO DANGEROUS THERE!

WAIT THERE! I'LL BE DOWN SOON!

CAN'T LET DOWN MR. SPENCE!

AND THEN--SOFT ROCK CRUMBLER UNDER HIS FEET--AND MANUEL CARE TUMBLING DOWN!



H--E--L--P... GOOOON, MY LEG...!

MANUEL, RESOLVED TO MAKE THE BEST OF THE SITUATION HE'D PROVE TO THE NEW BOSS HE WAS STILL THE FASTEST, THE BEST DRIVER OF THEM ALL—WHEN HIS LEG HEALED!

I'LL SEE THE NEW BOSS—THIS BERT ANDREWS. I'LL PROVE I'M THE BEST!



WITH HOPE REVIVED, MANUEL ENTERED MR. SPENCE'S OFFICE ONLY TO OVERHEAR THE BAIN WORDS...

...SO YOU'RE IN FULL CHARGE, BERT OH, HELLO, MANUEL MEET BERT ANDREWS—BERT, THIS IS MANUEL. YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM WELL, GOODBYE TO BOTH OF YOU (IT'LL BE AWAY FOR A WEEK!

TOUGH LUCK ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT, MANUEL!



IT'LL BE ABLE TO GO OUT AGAIN IN A WEEK. WILL THERE BE AN EXPEDITION THEN?

YES! BUT WE CAN'T USE YOU! YOU'RE THROUGH HERE, MANUEL. SPEED IS THE IMPORTANT THING—AND WITH YOUR LEG YOU WILL ONLY DELAY US!



B— BUT I WAS INJURED SERVING THIS COMPANY...

SORRY— BUT I'M IN CHARGE NOW—AND YOU'RE OUT, MANUEL. WE NEED SPEED, NOT CRIPPLES!



WEEKS LATER, WITHOUT A JOB, MANUEL COULD ONLY WATCH AS BERT RECEIVED ALL THE ADULATION THAT USED TO BE HIS, AND BERT SHOWS EVEN HIS RECORDS IN SPEED RETURNS!

HURRAY FOR BERT ANDREWS! HE'S THE FASTEST THING ON TWO LEGS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, FELLAS! ONLY THE BOATS ARE FASTER THAN I! HAHA! HA!

COME BACK QUICK— I'LL BE WAITING!



MANUEL EVEN LOST LITS!

AN IDEA HAD STRUCK MANUEL. THERE WAS A WAY TO GET REVENGE, THE WAYS OF HIS ANCESTORS, THE WAYS OF CERTAIN THINGS TODAY—HE'D START AT ONCE!

MANUEL, I'D LOVE YOU TO WISH ME GOOD LUCK AND GOOD SPEED!

I SHALL BRING YOU SPEED, BERT!



HE HAD TAKEN MY JOB! HE HAD TAKEN MY LITAFNE SHALL HAVE SPEED AND SURE FOOTING! AND I SHALL HAVE REVENGE!



THAT VERY DAY MANUEL DECIDED TO GO BACK TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE!

AS MANUEL PROPELLED HIS PRIMITIVE BOAT THROUGH THE SLUGGISH RIVER WATERS, HE FELT EXHAUSTED IN THIS RETURN TO THE VOODOO VILLAGE, THE LUSH FOLIAGE AND BEAST EYED CROCODILES WARNED HIS SPIRIT!

MY OWN PEOPLE AT LEAST WON'T TURN AGAINST ME. THEY'LL HELP ME!



HE REMEMBERED THE TOTEM POLE WITH THE GOAT GOD OF HIS PEOPLE PERCHED ON TOP AND ITS WONDEROUS, STRANGE POWERS!

IF THE PRIEST WILL LET ME TAKE THE GOAT GOD - TO BERT ANDERSON! WHAT A SWEET REVENGE THAT WOULD BE... HAH/HA/HA!



THE SPELL OF THE WILD TROPICS CARRIED MANUEL BACK TO HIS PRIMITIVE, SUPERSTITIOUS PAST - THE EFFECTS OF YEARS OF YEARS OF EDUCATION, CIVILIZATION EVAPORATING LIKE A MIST!

AND IF THE PRIEST WILL WORK HIS VOODOO MAGIC ON IT...



MANUEL WAS NOT SURPRISED BY THE HOSTILE GREETING AS HE APPROACHED HIS NATIVE VILLAGE OF CLIFF DWELLERS!



HE, SON OF TU-TUY! HE COME HOME! HE NEEDS HELP!

THE VILLAGERS BROUGHT MANUEL TO HIS AGED FATHER, TO WHOM HE TOLD HIS STORY...



OH, FATHER, THE "AMERICANS" HAVE BETRAYED ME. YOU MUST ASK THE PRIEST TO HELP! HE MUST GIVE ME THE VOODOO GOAT GOD!

OH, NO! NOT THE GOAT GOD!



SO, MANUEL, TAKE OUR GOAT GOD TO YOUR ENEMY! IT WILL GET REVENGE FOR YOU!



I - WONDER - WILL IT REALLY WORK THE ANCIENT MAGIC!

MANUEL TOLD OF HIS SUCCESS AMONG THE WHITES AND HOW THEY BETRAYED HIM. THE PRIEST GAVE HIM THE VOODOO GOAT GOD.

SPEERS LATER, ON HIS RETURN TO TOWN, MANUEL WENT DIRECTLY TO BERT ANDREWS.



I'VE RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO MY NATIVE VILLAGE--AND I'VE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!

FOR ME--A PRESENT?

WHY SHOULD YOU BRING ME A PRESENT, MANUEL. I THOUGHT YOU WERE--WELL--ANGRY.



I WAS, BERT, BUT I'M OVER IT. THIS IS A TOKEN OF MY ADMIRATION FOR YOUR ABILITY. IT WILL SURELY BRING YOU MORE SPEED!

MANUEL WAITED PAINLESSLY TO SEE IF HIS PLAN WOULD WORK, WOULD BERT KEEP THE PRESENT OR GET RID OF IT?



WHAT'S THIS... IT'S THE GOD A GOD? OF MY PEOPLE. IT'S A SACRED TREASURE, WITH THE POWER TO BESTOW HIGH FLEETNESS OF FOOT ON ITS OWNERS!

WELL, MANUEL, I'M FLATTERED. YOU CAN COME WITH ME ON THE NEXT SAFARI! OH, HERE'S MR. SPENCE. YOU'D BETTER GO NOW!



I'LL BE THERE SOONER, NOW!

WHEN BERT TOLD MR. SPENCE ABOUT MANUEL'S GIFT, A FRIGHTENED LOOK FILLED THE EYES OF THE OLDER MAN...



BERT, YOU DON'T INTEND TO KEEP THE THING? IT'S PROBABLY A YOOOOO GOD FROM MANUEL'S TRIBE! GET RID OF IT!

DON'T BE FOOLISH, BERT. IT'S A VALUABLE MUSEUM PIECE. AND I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS!

I'VE LIVED HERE MANY YEARS, BERT. THESE YOOOOO CULTS PERFORM INCREDIBLE, WEIRD ACTS. I WARN YOU, MY BOY...



IT'S A GOD OF SPEED... AND THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED!



I'M SURE YOU WILL BRING ME SPEED AND FORTUNE!

BERT, FLATTERED BY MANUEL'S GIFT, KEPT HIS WORD AND TOOK HIM ON THE NEXT SAFARI AS A MESSAGE BEARER. THEY STOOD BEFORE THE TREACHEROUS MT. TEGHERAN. . .

I MUST TRY THIS MOUNTAIN. HOPE MY WOODOO GOO IS WORKING MAGIC TODAY, DA, MANUEL?

NOT YOU'LL BE KILLED! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! NO ONE HAS EVER SCALED IT!



THE WOODOO WAS WORKING! MANUEL GIGGLED AS HE WATCHED BERT DO THE IMPOSSIBLE. . .

HE'S DONE IT! IT'S MIRACULOUS!

HE'S THE FIRST HUMAN TO DO IT!



THE CROWD CHEERED BERT AS A HERO. FOR THE MOUNTAIN HAD GIVEN MANY OF THE BOLD-BRYNNING HERDS. . .

HURRAY FOR BERT! WE HAVE BROUGHT BACK MANY HERDS!



YOUR CLIMB WAS TREASONOUS, MY SON. WE'RE INCREASING YOUR SALARY! BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT WOODOO GOAT OF YOURS. I DON'T TRUST MANUEL. . . HE'S JEALOUS!

HENRY, GOO OR NO GOO, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO FAST IN MY LIFE. MANUEL'S GRAY!



BACK AT THE OFFICE. . .

THE NEXT MORNING BERT AGAIN LOOKED AT THE LEGS HE ADDED SO MUCH. THEY SEEMED MORE Hairy AND MUSCULAR. . . BUT HE PAID LITTLE ATTENTION. . .

MY LEGS ARE MORE MUSCULAR AND HAIRY... IT MUST BE FROM ALL THE HARD WORK!



AFTER A REFRESHING SHOWER, BERT GLANCED DOWN AT HIS LEGS. BUT HE DISMISSED WHAT HE SAW.

AM I IMAGINING -- MY LEGS HAVE BECOME Hairy? GUESS THE SUN DID IT!



WHY I COME IN? WONDERED IF YOU WANTED ME ON THE NEXT TRIP, BERT?

YES, MANUEL. BUT, YOU KNOW, THEY SAY YOUR GOO IS EVIL AND WILL HARM ME!





NOT JUDGING FROM WHAT YOU DID TODAY, BUT I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE IT BACK.



OH, NO! I DON'T BELIEVE SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! IT'S BEEN GOOD TO ME! I ONLY WISH I COULD CLIMB LIKE A GOAT!

IT'S THE GOAT GOD THAT HELPED YOU CONQUER TECHERAN!



HA HA HA! I ALMOST BELIEVE THAT, MANUEL!



BUT ON THE NEXT EXPEDITION, BERT AGAIN AMAZED THE ON-LOOKERS WITH HIS AMAZING FEATS ON THE CRABBY LEDGES.



EVEN THE GOATS DON'T GO WHERE BERT IS CLIMBING! COME BACK, COME BACK!

MY GOAT GOD IS WORKING! ITS VOODOO MAGIC. HE'LL NEVER COME BACK!

EXHAUSTED, EXCITED BY HIS AMAZING CLIMB UP THE STRAIGHT FACE OF STONE, BERT REMOVED HIS SHOE AND SOCK FROM ONE OF HIS TIRED FEET! HIS EXPRESSION PROVE WITH HORROR WHEN HE SAW— A NOSE WHERE HIS FOOT HAD BEEN!



THAT WONDERFUL GOAT GOD OF MANUEL'S... WHAT? MY FOOT? MY LEG?

BERT'S CRAVING FOR EVER MORE SPEED, MORE AGILITY WAS AT LAST REALIZED... HIS BEAUTIFUL LEGS WERE NOW GONE INSTEAD HE HAD GOATS' LEGS THAT COULD SCALE INCREDIBLE ROCKS— HE BURST INTO A LOUD, CRAPED LAUGHTER...



COME DOWN! BERT— YOU'RE DEAD!

DON'T YOU KNOW—I AM NOW THE GOAT GOD... WITH GOAT LEGS... HA HA HAHA!

THEY COULDN'T SEE HIM, BUT THEY COULD HEAR BERT YELL... "I AM TURNING INTO A GOAT"! THEY THOUGHT HE WAS CRAZED!

BUT BERT KNEW HE COULD NEVER RETURN WITH HIS GOAT LEGS!



COME, LET'S BRING HIM DOWN!

I'LL NEVER COME DOWN! GOOD BYE!

NOW ONLY THE GOATS COULD HEAR BERT, AND THEN HE DISAPPEARED.

WHEN THE MEN REACHED THE POINT WHERE BERT HAD DISAPPEARED— FOREVER!



IT CAN'T BE, LOOK! FOOTPRINTS OF A GOAT, AND BERT— IS— IS— GONE!

I AM AVENGED, OH GOD OF PALAU! I SHALL RETURN YOUR GOAT GOD!

THE END



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